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NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

NAN THE NEWSBOY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

Nan, the Newsboy, is among the latest of the odd characters which spring into fame from time to time out of the varied life of the great city of New York. A year ago he formed a little band, consisting of himself and two others, to patrol the East River docks at night and rescue persons from drowning.

Some charitable persons heard of the boys, gave them a floating station to live in, boats, neat blue uniforms, and a small weekly salary to devote their whole time to the work.

Nan's real name is William J. O'Neil. He is a thorough street Arab in his manners, and uses the dialect common among ragged newsboys and boot-blacks.

The regulations by which the association should be governed, according to his idea, are few and simple. As jotted down with other matters in his rough log-book, they are:

1. Members shall do whatever the president orders them.

2 No one shall be a member who drinks or gets drunk.

3. Any members not down in Dover dock, and miss one night except in sickness, shall be fined fifty cents by order of the President.

4. No cursing allowed.

Spelling is not Nan's strong point, and I have taken the liberty to arrange this according to the usual custom. Nor does he keep records in a scientific manner. Case four, in his list of rescued, sets down only "A Jew boy." Case five is "A red-headed boy who fell in the water, but could not find his name."

The first meeting of the association took place one pleasant day in June, 1878.

"We was a-sittin' on Dover dock," Nan says, "tellin' stories. We got talkin' about how a body was took out 'most every day, and some said two hundred was took out in a year. We'd heered about life-savin' on the Jersey coast, too. So I says: 'Say we makes a' 'sociation of it, boys, for to go along the docks 'pickin' 'em up regular.' 'All right,' they says, and they nomernates me for president. We thought we might as well be doin' that as loafin' on corners."

Might as well be brave and humane fellows, that is, as idle and dangerous loungers! Yes, indeed they might, and this modest way of putting it is infinitely to Nan's credit.

There are three of them. Nan has a rosy complexion and a serious manner. He has sold papers almost ever since he can remember. Edward Kelly is paler and slighter, and has quite a decided air of dignity. Gilbert Long is sun browned, and has a merry twinkle in his eye. He looks as if likely to be the most recklessly persistent of the lot in any dangerous

NAN SAVES THREE BOYS FROM DROWNING.

straits. The three boys all were born in Cherry street. Long has been a tin-smith's apprentice, and Kelly a leather-cutter.

They have with them also five unpaid volunteers who serve at night. The force is divided into three patrols.

Their house is a little box of a place, painted bright blue, moored under the shade of the great Brooklyn bridge, and close to both the Fulton and Roosevelt street ferries. The front door of the establishment, as it might be called, is through a hole in a dilapidated fence; then down a ladder, and perhaps across a canal boat or two to where it lies wedged in the crowded basin. They have a row-boat, and a life-saving raft of the catamaran pattern.

Inside, the station has three bunks, some lockers to hold miscellaneous articles, a small stove in a corner, and a small case of books contributed by the Seaman's Friend Society. These are largely accounts of courage and ingenuity in danger likely to be appreciated by boys in their circumstances. When they unbend after duty is over, Nan plays the banjo and what he calls the "cordeen," and there is quite a social time.

But it is drawing on toward seven o'clock, and we are to make the rounds to-night. The volunteers begin to drop in. They are shy at first at finding strangers present, but soon begin to thaw out and deliver their views freely. There is Dick Harrington, who works at sail-making; Peter Hayes, a tinker; "Bony" Hayes,—Nan thinks this stands for Bonoparte or Bonanza, he is not sure which—a porter; Thomas Cody, a printer; and Joseph Findlay, whose business is to count papers in a newspaper office.

Harrington is not beyond a boyish blush; Peter Hayes is inclined to be a little boastful; "Bony" Hayes is something of a philosopher, and claims to have seen a good deal of life while fishing for eels off the docks; Findlay enjoys the distinction of having made a specialty of frustrating suicides, and Cody, from the line of business he is in, is spoken of as pretty "edicated."

The apparatus taken along consists of boat-hooks, life lines, an iron ladder, folding up neatly like a camp-stool, and lanterns. The life-line is a common cord, about twenty-five feet long, with a small billet of wood attached to the end to be thrown to the person in the water.

We do not have the luck to see a genuine case to-night. Up we go along the strange river front to the foot of Montgomery street, then down to the Battery, perhaps two miles in a straight line. How imposingly the vast black hulls stand up against the sky! The water clucks and chuckles to itself, as if with a secret cruel humor, under the planks on which we walk. Whoever is drifted by the tide in under there, where the rays of the dark lantern will not penetrate, is lost indeed.

The vicinity of the ferries is where there are the most bustling crowds, the water's edge is the most easily reached, and the principal liability accidents exists. At Pier Two, near the South Ferry, where their station was then moored, Kelly and Long, at half-past two of a winter's morning, heard a cry. They ran out, explored, but could see nothing. Coming back, two hands were discerned projecting despairingly out of the ice-cakes. With a boat and the aid of their Newfoundland dog, Rover, they drew the man out. They found him to be a 'longshoreman, who had walked over the edge while intoxicated.

This is a very common story. The larger part of the rescued, or those assisted before they have a chance to come to harm,—for the boys make this a praiseworthy part of their occupation, too,—are of a similar sort. They are sailors searching in a dazed way for their ships, persons of low condition attempting to walk straight across the open Coenties Slip, or to the lights of Brooklyn, forgetful of the water, or others lain down to sleep on the string pieces of the piers.

The suicides are generally intoxicated, too. Those who are not go out upon the ferry boats, perhaps to make surer work of it. It is a strange experience to hear one of these boys tell how he found a middle-aged woman on the edge of the pier, "prayin' and lookin' up at the sky;" how she "made a bounce" and he "grabbed" her, and how he advised her, when she groaned that she had been rob-

bed of her money and clothes and wanted to die, to "just go right home and don't bother no more about it"

These are lives so long steeped in the dregs of wretchedness as to be almost tiresome to their owners, because they are so hopeless.

Then there are the careless children,

NAN'S FRONT DOOR.

for whom there are regular seasons. Many such rescues happen in the spring when the little folk begin to play on the loose logs and rafts in the basins with the first fine weather, but the majority occur in the summer bathing time.

Frequently some sad victim of a boy, as he might be thought, just drawn from death's door, may be seen playing gayly at tag, waiting for his clothes, which are spread out to dry in the sun.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life Saving Association.

His most gallant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row-boat by collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers on the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

"When you drowns," he says, speaking feelingly from experience, "not a thing you ever did but it comes up in your head. Then, may be, after that, you hear a kin' o' noise like music in your ears."

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover dock, and Kelly's of a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.

The boys are sorry that we do not have a chance to see them in the actual heat of their occupation. They offer, if we wish, to go through the form of a rescue, by having one of their own number fall in and two others get him out. We do not of course, accept so barbarous a test of hardihood, for it is early spring and the water is icy cold. We are satisfied to hear from them their manner of doing it.

The life-line is thrown as near the sinking person as possible. Two of the patrol go into the water. One puts the line about the subject with a "half hitch," the other helps support him to land. If he struggle and seize the rescuer so as to endanger both, the latter sinks a little, when the drowning man lets go his hold in alarm. In some cases it has been necessary to strike him, so as to render him partly insensible.

The drowning person is always to be approached from behind, turned upon his back, and drawn in by the hair, the rescuer swimming on his back also. This plan is recommended by the best authorities, and it may be well for some of our young readers to bear it in mind.—*St. Nicholas.*

Temperance Department.

THE HARMFUL INDULGENCE.

How does it happen, when every year in our Conferences the question is asked "Do you use tobacco?" and the almost universal answer is, "I do not," that so many ministers are openly or privately given to the habit of smoking? Is it because our young men take the same view of the matter that one of our New England preachers has, who says he left off six months before his ordination, so that he could declare affirmatively that he did not use it, and commenced again six months after his vows of ordination were taken, seeing how freely it was used by his brother ministers?

We leave it to the medical profession—for such eminent physiologists and practitioners as Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London—to deal with the physical effects of tobacco. Persons not yet the abject slaves to its use will do well to read such papers as that of Dr. Richardson in the July *Contemporary Review*, upon narcotics. Within our observation not a few persons have, by the use of tobacco, ruined their digestive system, exasperated other forms of disease, brought on a sudden death or greatly shortened their days; and all this in addition to the vulgar habit to which they have helplessly submitted, the discomfort and disgust which they have given to others, and the sad example of self-indulgence which they have been constantly setting. Of the necessity for the use of this narcotic as "instinctively selected and chosen to meet human wants," Dr. Richardson says: "There is no logical sequence. It is all confusion, assumption, apology for human weakness, exaltation of human weakness, sanction of temporary and doubtful pleasure, compromise with evil, and acceptance of penalties the direst, for advantages the poorest and least satisfactory."

But it is upon this moral side of the subject we wish to say a few plain words. We have known but few parents, especially religious men, and particularly ministers, who were pleased to have their children follow their habit of tobacco-using. We have known fathers to punish in their children what they daily practiced themselves. We cannot comprehend how a Christian minister can look upon the fair face of his little boy and breathe the sweet breath of his lips, and endure to think of him as the victim of this offensive and dirty indulgence; how he can patiently think of his entailing upon himself this very expensive habit, of the possible social associations and perils into which it may lead him, and the painful physical maladies it may engender. As it often occurs that in the second generation such an appetite becomes a positive mania, how must he look upon the passionate desire for this narcotic which has been wrought into the very blood of his child? How can a father with an honest face rebuke in a child what he permits constantly in himself and in the child's presence? Even if he arbitrarily enforces his laws in this respect at home, does he not know that he is tempting his child to practice deceit and to cover a forbidden indulgence which he justifies by the practice of the parent himself?

Just in proportion as a clergyman reaches mature years, and a conspicuous position in the church, his example in this respect becomes all the more pernicious. The younger ministers, enjoying his society, seek to win his friendly recognition by uniting with him in this social indulgence. Herein is to be found, probably, the reason why so many young pastors who were clean of lip at their ordination have since become saturated with the poison, and scented with the malaria of tobacco. It is pitiful in the extreme to know of any instance of a conspicuous minister of the Gospel who has so disorganized his system as to be unable to live without such a daily indulgence. It would be better to die an honest death than to drag others down to a common ruin by such a protracted suicide.

We have known Christian parents to bewail the visit to their homes as guests of tobacco-smoking ministers. Men whom they have respected and loved, under whose pastoral labors they have taken great delight, have embarrassed them beyond expression in their domestic discipline. There are boys in their homes just at the most susceptible and temptable hour of their lives. These boys meet the solicitations of the streets. They associate with companions who esteem it a manly act to smoke. They are quick to receive a challenge, and very reluctant to refuse one. The parents, by loving entreaty, by kind expostulation, by careful teaching as to the physical and moral evils entailed by the habit, and by strict commands, have thus far withheld their sons from the vicious practice; but now when a doctor of divinity, a beloved and popular minister, in their own home and before their eyes, indulges himself with a great manifestation of self-satisfaction, what can these abashed and grieved parents say to the boys? We have known an eminent divine, spending a Sabbath at a ladies' college, to leave such a sickening odor of his cigars in his room, that, for days, bed-clothing and room had to be exposed to open windows, before this strange "odor of sanctity" had passed away. What effect upon the minds of these pure young women must this helpless slavery to a vulgar habit have! What kind of enforcement does it give of his earnest exhortations to purity, to self-denial and holy consecration?

It is easy to frame excuses. There is no doubt that the habit may become by the perversion of the system a necessity of comfortable existence. But what is the minister to say to the poor victim of intemperance that stands trembling by his side? What will he say to his unhappy brother who has fallen into the habitual use of chloral or morphine? His appetite may have passed beyond human possibility of reform; but we believe and teach a gospel that works miracles.—*Zion's Herald.*

UNDRESSING LITTLE NED.

"Where is 'Whiskey Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five-cent express wagon?" repeated the man in tones of surprise.

"Yes, I want to know."

"Well, now, it is a curious case," he slowly continued; "we all thought he had gone to the dogs, for sure he was drinking a pint of whiskey a day; but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half under ground."

When you go home at night and find that all's right with your flesh and blood, do you go to bed reasoning that the rest of the world must take care of itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again, as night comes down, and hope it may not lose any of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

So "Whiskey Bill" was hunted up. An enquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whiskey Bill' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set my eyes on the old crowd for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. But one could see that by your face."

"I hope so. I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me! but I was drunk when she died, half drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home, went out and got drunk?"

"No; I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial, I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of my children, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest is not quite four years yet. I got the oldest ones to bed all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I had never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do this; and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had the clothes off and his night-gown on, I was ashamed, broke down; and when the oldest saw the tears in my eyes, and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck, I dropped the name of 'Whiskey Bill' right there and then forever."

"And little Ned?"

"May be I'd have weakened but for him," replied the man, wiping his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had; and the big children were waiting; and when I took him in my lap and kissed him, I called Heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I have been trying hard to live a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whiskey Bill' again."

The four children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night, ma up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

SHUT THE EYES TIGHT.

Harry had been quite sick, and was obliged to be very careful of his diet. One of the orders was that he was to eat nothing but what was given to him.

One day little Jennie came in eating a piece of cake. Oh how nice it looked to the little hungry boy, who felt, as you do when you are getting better, that he wished to eat all the time! He knew if he just asked his dear, obliging little sister, she would gladly give him "the biggest half." But he didn't. He only said, "Oh, Jennie! you must run right out with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut tight, so I shan't want any."

Now that was a great triumph for a boy only seven years old. Some great boys of seventeen could not have done as well. They are far from shutting their eyes tight when temptation to taste wrong things is before them. They rather suffer their eyes to lead them straight into the mischief.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," is an excellent prayer for us all. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," and you never will be likely to fill a drunkard's grave.

So many boys think, "What's the harm in looking?" but it is just here they are made prisoners by Satan. The "eyegate" is one of the most important points he attacks. If he can pin your eyes very intently on some charming but forbidden object, he gets a serpent's power over you. You have heard how those dreadful snakes charm dear little birds and rabbits with their glittering eyes, until at last they drop down powerless into their terrible coils.—*Temperance Banner.*

Agricultural Department.

ABOUT FALLOWS.

Virgil alludes to the practice of naked fallows in his Georjiacs, written more than 2,000 years ago, of which the following is a translation:

"Both these unhappy soils
The swain forcears,
And keeps a Sabbath of alternate years,
That the spent earth may gather
Heart again.
And bettered by cessation bear the grain,
At least, where vetches, pulse and
Tares have stood,
And stalks of lupines green (a stubborn crowd).
Th' ensuing season, in return may bear
The bearded product of the golden year."

The practice of naked fallowing was considered essential until within a few years, and many who consider themselves good farmers still cling to the idea that the soil must lie vacant and have rest when, in fact, it is, especially in the West, one of the most vicious of exploded agricultural notions. Under our summer's sun the naked soil loses rather than gains. When a soil becomes poor, it needs manure more than rest. Fallows are sometimes resorted to to kill weeds, and this is the only thing that a fallow should be adopted for. Even here, it is better that the soil have some crop that may be kept clean and give some return. If a fallow is necessary, sow something on the soil to be turned under, rye, peas, buckwheat, or something that will grow quickly, cover the ground, and enhance fertilization when it is plowed down.

Again many persons resort to a naked fallow because the soil through bad cultivation has become hard and lumpy. In this case it is far better to plow roughly in the fall and allow the soil to become disintegrated by the frosts and moisture of winter. In this case, do not plow again, in the spring, until the land is in such condition that the soil will turn from the mold-board free and friable. If plowed in the spring too wet you will have lost all that you have gained by the winter's frost. If the soil does not come into tilth do not be discouraged, turn under some sowed crop, as heretofore stated, and reseed at each sub-sequent plowing. The second winter's frost will generally leave the land in good condition, and enriched by the plowing under of the crops sown. We repeat, there is no more wasteful farming than that which makes fallows necessary.

In this, the several plowings that are sometimes given as a preparation for wheat, must not be confounded. This is not truly a fallow. It is simply a means of killing the seeds of weeds after harvest by turning them under, and the subsequent plowing to put the soil into tilth. In this day of sharp competition in agriculture, the sensible man keeps his land in tilth and heart by manuring, by crops sown for plowing under, by the use of clover, meadows and pastures. It is a far more sensible way than the old naked fallows written about, by Virgil so many centuries ago, and still clung to by people who will not read, who do not believe in progressive farming, in fact in nothing their fathers did not teach them. The science of farming now-a-days is to keep the soil rich at any cost, and in such tilth by cultivation that it will produce the greatest possible weight of grain. Nevertheless, Virgil was a wise man, a brilliant poet, and a good farmer for his day and generation.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Toads and Squirrels in Wells.—The quantity and variety of filthy matter which is found deposited at the bottom of wells, in some localities, are astonishing. We recently had occasion to examine the *débris* taken from a well which had been cleaned the year previous, and among the accumulations were decaying toads and squirrels. These creatures had been probably attracted by the water, to reach which they had clambered down the wall till they reached the solid rock into which, for several feet, the well had been excavated, when they were precipitated to the bottom, and could not retrace their steps. To obviate a repetition of the same annoyance the stone wall has been removed down to the solid rock, relaid in hydraulic cement, and carried some three feet above the surface of the ground and finished for some distance around the top with cement underlaid with stones. On this solid foundation a curb has been so closely fitted as to exclude even crickets and grasshoppers, which are so apt to find their way into wells. To those who detest impure water and would avoid perhaps the sickness of an entire family, the above plan, or the adoption of some better precaution against the contamination of wells, is recommended. This is the season when springs and wells are usually low of water, and therefore it is the best time for cleaning the bottom of the latter and repairing the walls if found defective.—*Scientific American.*

Keeping the Fruit.—To keep apples nicely, a dry, airy, light cellar and scrupulously clean is absolutely necessary. The sides and ceiling of the cellar should be cemented with plaster, to keep an even temperature of cold; and the bottom of the cellar cemented with water-proof cement, to keep out the dampness. There should be one or more windows on opposite sides of the cellar, to give free circulation of air when needed. They should be of glass and supported by hinges at the top, so that they may be opened and shut as circumstances require. In such a cellar bins three feet wide may be constructed around the sides and wider ones through the centre. These bins may be filled with apples from the bottom to the height of five or six feet without danger of injury to the bottom apples by the weight of the upper ones. Make the necessary upright partitions in the bins, to keep each variety separate. Apples keep much better when stored in large quantities than if spread out in layers on shelves. When bins cannot be constructed in the cellar, the apples may be put into barrels and headed up tightly and stored away in the cellar. In this way they usually keep tolerably well. Vegetables of no kind should be stored in the cellar with apples. In a temperature suitable for keeping the latter most vegetables will freeze.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Wintering Cows.—An ordinary-sized cow will eat about 200 lbs. of hay per week. It is estimated that it requires two tons of hay to winter a cow. Cows sell for an unusually low price. We do not advise our readers at this season to buy cows and winter them in hopes of making a good thing out of it by selling them at a high price in the spring. They may or they may not make money by the operation. But we think we are perfectly safe in recommending those farmers who have plenty of straw and stalks not to sell their cows; and if they will need more cows next summer, we think they can buy now and winter them over to good advantage. A cow will eat say three bushels of chaffed hay per day. So far as bulk is concerned, we must not vary much from this standard. In our own case, however, we would feed 2 3-4 bushels of chaffed straw and stalks, half a peck of bran, and half a peck of corn-meal per day. We think a cow can be wintered better and (with us) far cheaper than on hay alone. If you have plenty of clover-hay it may take the place of the bran. But do not try to winter the cows on straw and stalks alone. It is very poor economy.—*Ex.*

Whole Wheat for Fowls.—The *Poultry World* says: "There is more solid nutriment in whole wheat, as a feed for poultry, than in any of the cereals, weight for weight. It is an excellent kind of grain for this use, though somewhat more expensive than other sorts; but too much of this hearty feed is detrimental, particularly when carelessly fed to Cochins, Brahmas, etc. Fowls are very partial to wheat. It helps the laying capacity of hens, but it should not be used except with discretion as to the quantity allowed them daily. An excess of this raw grain will induce a looseness in the bowels very frequently. It is easy of digestion, and should be furnished in moderation, as a needful and most desirable variety, in conjunction with other dry grains, such as cracked corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, etc. If not more than one-third or one-fourth of wheat is allowed with the other cereals mentioned, for ordinary purposes in the laying season, hens will do quite as well, and they can thus be kept in better average condition than by a greater allowance."

Petroleum for Rustic Work.—Here is room for great improvement. We see on every hand handsome rustic work falling to decay and becoming distorted by age. It is commonly made of a kind of wood which does not last long. Soak it thoroughly with crude petroleum when new, and it will remain unchanged indefinitely. A rustic summer-house on a shaded part of our grounds would have been unusually exposed to dampness and decay had not this been prevented, a dozen years ago, by petroleum. The peculiar brown color imparted by a mixture of the heavy oil remains unchanged; and a lattice work of pine lath, a fourth of an inch thick, fully exposed to dampness and weather, is as sound and unworn as ever. The oil is now so cheap that there is no excuse for omitting its application, and it may be rapidly and easily brushed over the surface and sunk into the pores with a white-wash brush. Apply it heavily.—*Exchange.*

Effect of Impure Air on Milk.—Most odors are gaseous in their nature, and follow the laws of gaseous diffusion. One of these is that each particle of gas is constantly exerting its repulsive force towards every other particle of the same kind of gas; or, in other words, it is trying to get as far from every one of its kindred as possible. Thus odors in following this law actually travel against the wind, if not too strong, as well as, of course, in every other direction. When, therefore, any gas is set free, it at once diffuses itself all about, going as far and as fast as it can; and conversely, when by means of any absorbing substance or surface, a gas or an odor is withdrawn from any open space, other particles rush in at once and fill the space, and are in turn absorbed, their places being taken by other particles, which yield in turn to others, and so on.

In Locating an apiary there are several points that should be considered, says the *Home Sentinel.* Perhaps water comes first, because it is something that we cannot get along without. There is a great quantity used by the bees on a hot day to keep the combs from melting down, besides what is used in feeding broods in the latter part of the season. When the wind blows from the east, hot and dry, bees have been known to use a pound a day to the hive, allowing a sufficient quantity for evaporation. A bee's life is governed, we might say, by the work it does; and if it has to fly a long way for water, it cannot for its life bring the honey to its owner it could if the water was handy. Wet sand is the best for bees to suck water from, for none are drowned.

A Simple Butter-Cooler.—When ice cannot be easily obtained, put a trivet, or some open, flat thing with legs, into a saucer or soup-plate, and set the plate of butter on the trivet. Fill the saucer with water, turn a clean, common flower-pot upside down over the butter, so that the edges will sit within the saucer and under the water. Put a cork tightly into the hole in the bottom of the flower-pot, then drench the flower-pot with cold water and set in a cool place over night, or for some hours before needed on the table, and it will be as hard as if kept on ice.

Lawns that are to be kept closely cut can not be well dressed with animal manure however fine it may be. For this purpose the following mixture is recommended. Eighty pounds nitrate of soda, 100 pounds superphosphate of lime, 200 pounds rectified guano, 100 pounds of gypsum. Use seventy-five pounds of this mixture to each one-fourth of an acre.

The Following are weights of Cotswold sheep recently given: A yearling ram, 174 pounds; a two-year-old ram that had never been shorn, 224 pounds; a grown ewe, 162 pounds; a ewe lamb, 114 pounds, all weighed in August off from grass without any extra keeping of any kind. The weight of fleece was from 8 to 15 pounds, and in one instance 17 1-2 pounds.

Biscuit of oat and pea meal and linseed meal are largely in use for feeding the horses in the Russian army service. Fed on them horses bear fatigue better than when fed on oats alone, and one horse can carry its own food rations for four or five days.

There are twenty well-defined and fixed breeds of English sheep, viz.: Teeswater, Lincoln, Dishley, Cotswold, Romney Marsh, Dartmoor, Exmoor, Blackface, Hereford, Morf, Dorset, Wilts, Berks, Southdown, Norfolk, Herdwick, Cheviot, Dunfaced, Shetland and Midland.

DOMESTIC.

Most Economical way of Cooking Meat.—Thick soups, which are compounded similarly to stews but with more water, are the most economical forms of serving food. Their liquid nature renders possible an almost immediate distribution of their nutritive elements throughout the blood, so that they satisfy hunger more quickly than food in any other form, while if they are eaten with bread their bulk affords that sense of repletion so necessary to the satisfaction of hunger. It is a fact that a perfectly hearty, nutritious and appetising soup can be made for ten cents a gallon even if the materials are bought at retail. Of course the proportion of meat is small, but it is sufficient. In this country, where meat is abundant and cheap, our whole population clings to the utterly erroneous idea that a large quantity of meat, cooked by itself, must form the bulk—the substantial part, they call it—of every hearty meal. All over the country far more meat is eaten that is required for the maintenance of either health or strength. This assertion must not be construed into an argument in favor of an exclusive vegetable diet. It is simply a plain statement of a plain fact. A mixed diet of meat, cereals, and vegetables, cooked in the form of those combination dishes the use of which we shall never cease to urge on the score of health and economy, is the best for all purposes. The man who lives upon it will be stronger and healthier than one who lives largely on meat.

Cooking Fish.—All fish which are choice, when served at the Windsor, are cooked with their scales on. In France a good fish is never boiled otherwise than with the scales on. The reason is that the natural covering to the fish retains the particular flavor of that fish. Take off the scales and skin the fish, then boiled salmon will taste like boiled shad. The main objection to leaving on the scales is that it requires some little skill to serve the fish without the scales, but some slight address overcomes perfectly this minor inconvenience. As to boiling fish, there seems to be endless heresies rife in regard to the process. All cook-books written with the least experience lay it down as a rule that a fish to be boiled must be placed in cold water. The water having been brought up to a boil, to have the fish in perfection, the fish-kettle should be removed and allowed to simmer. The fish is done when the fins can be removed without much trouble. The flesh of fish is softer than that of animals, and to put it in boiling water and subject it to a violent ebullition would be to break it to pieces. There are several methods of boiling fish other than in plain water. Fish are very much improved by making a *court-bouillon*, which may be either quite simple, by adding to the water some salt, some whole pepper-corns, a bunch of herbs, and a teaspoonful of vinegar.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Apple Rice Pudding.—Peel, halve and core six tart apples; place them in a flat stew-pan, with a little water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two or three cloves, and a stick of cinnamon; when tender, take up carefully; boil the syrup a while longer, and pour over the pieces. Boil two-thirds of a teacupful of rice in milk, with a scant teacupful of white sugar, and the rind of a lemon, until the rice is thoroughly cooked; then take out the rind and stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs. Put half of the rice at the bottom of a pudding dish; spread over the apples; cover with the remaining rice, and place in a cool oven for ten or fifteen minutes; beat the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, add the juice of a lemon, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and spread over the pudding. Return to the oven until of a delicate brown.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued.)*

"She's gone," moaned the old man; "she's left me to die like a dog."

"Who's she?" asked the boy.

"My daughter—Dot's mother," he replied. "She brought us here an hour ago or more, and she's gone away and deserted us. She wanted to put me in the poor-house, and——"

"Oh! don't you go there!" said the lad, eagerly; "don't you. It's worse than a prison—lots. Mrs. Clack says so. It 'ud be a sad pity for the little gel to go to the poor-house. You tell me where you live, and I'll lead you home; and maybe she'll be sorry she forsook you by this. Folks do things without thinkin.' She'd never leave a little gel like this. There! you catch hold of my arm and I'll lead you home to her."

"We've no place to go to," he said; "that's why Hagar has left us. They turned us out of our lodging this morning."

"That's bad!" exclaimed the boy, falling back a step or two to contemplate the old man and his child, with his head on one side, and with an air of profound interest on his face. He could not find it in his heart to go away and leave them in the gloom and chill of the evening, never to know what had become of them. Plunging his hand into his pocket, he drew out a crust of bread, round which he had wound a bit of string, and carefully unwinding it, he put the crust into Dot's hand, and watched her with curiosity as she fastened her little teeth upon it.

"Hungry!—why, that's bad again," he said; "if she was only a little dawg, I'd take her straight home with me to Mrs. Clack. Well, I couldn't leave 'em to be found dead in the morning, or to go to the poor-house, that's certain. Mister, will you and your little gel come along with me, and ask Mrs. Clack what we'd best do?"

"Who's Mrs. Clack?" he asked.

"Don't you know Mrs. Clack?" cried the boy, "that lives down in Chelsea? Well, I do errands for her, and I'll take you along with me and see what she says. It's a good step, but I'll carry the little gel, and you can catch hold of my arm, and we'll go slow. Mrs. Clack likes little gels."

He lifted Dot tenderly in his arms, and bidding the old man grip him hard and step out without being afraid, for he would guide him carefully, he led them along the path toward the gate, chatting gayly as they went.

"What is your name?" asked the old man.

"I never had what one 'ud call a proper name," he answered—"at least, not like other boys, you know; or, if I had, I lost it afore I can remember. But I call myself Don, and I won't answer to any other name. I'll tell you why. Folks kept callin' me anythin' they liked till I didn't even know who I was. And there was a little dawg, a little black-and-tan-terrier, as sharp as a needle, that used to run up to me, and sniff round me, and eat a bit out of my hand, as if we'd known each other all our lives; and the lady as belonged to him called him Don. I once heard her call him away from me: 'Don, Don!' she said; and that was the very last time I ever saw him. I never set eyes on that little black-and-tan dawg again. So I chose his name for my own, and it even makes me think of him comin' up so friendly and familiar. That's how I came to call myself Don. I s'pose, Mister," suggested Don, half-timidly, "you'd not mind tellin' me your name?"

"My name is John Lister," he replied. "I'm come down in the world, young sir, lower than I ever could have dreamed of. I've been first violin in popular theatres, and drawn as much as a pound a night. We did well, young sir, very well, till my violin was broke in a street row, and Hagar's husband died after a long illness which drained our exchequer. Could a man such as I am stoop so low as to enter a poorhouse?"

"No, no!" cried Don, eagerly and respectfully, "you must never think of such a thing! I am fond of music, I am. P'raps Mrs. Clack has got a fiddle in her stores somewhere. She don't know half what she's got. If there's a fiddle, you'd be set up again, wouldn't you? I wish I'd come sooner, and saved Mrs. Hagar from goin' away and leavin' you. You'll be all right, now you are going to Mrs. Clack. She's the cleverest woman in London, and she'll know what to do. We shall be there sooner than you think."

The old man's mind was fast falling into a state of confusion and bewilderment; and as he dreamily walked along, he scarcely heard the flow of Don's words mingled with the din of the streets through which they were passing. He began to fear he had made a fatal mistake, and that Hagar had left him and Dot only for a little while; perhaps to buy bread, or to seek a shelter for the night, and that she would return to the spot where she had left them to find them gone. Was it probable that his own daughter would desert him? For nearly thirty years she had been at his beck and call, serving him with unfailing patience. Could she fail him now, in this bitter extremity? He had grown so accustomed to having her about him that he could not realize that she had at last forsaken him. He stopped short on the pavement, and set his gray, blind face once more in the direction of Kensington Gardens.

"I must go back," he said, sharply, striking the pavement with his stick; "my daughter will be searching for us."

"No, no," answered Don. "Why, the gates were closed after us, as we came through, and nobody 'ud be let in after that. You told me she'd left you to die like a dog, didn't you? I could-not have done it myself, never! But nobody can tell why she did it; and never you fret. You come along to Mrs. Clack, and if she's got a fiddle in her stores I'll guide you to lots o' quiet streets, where the p'lice lets you alone. You'll play on your fiddle, and you'll pick up a sight more than your livin'. I've known blind fiddlers take shillings sometimes; and Dot's such a pretty little gel, she'll make folks' heart soft, I know. Come, now! Don't you fret. Never care for nothin', I say."

SHELTERLESS.

Old Lister went on feebly, sobbing now and then as a child does when his fit of crying has been over some time ago. He was chilled to the bone, and faint with hunger. It was well, perhaps, that he could not see the turn Don took at last, under an archway which led into a blind alley at the back of a low and squalid street. It was an old mews, but it was no longer used as coach-houses and stables, with the rooms over them forming the dwelling-places of grooms and coachmen. The low buildings were partly falling into ruins, or occupied by persons who could afford to pay only the lowest rents. The water dropping from the roofs on each side of this alley ran into a channel in the middle, choked with dirt and refuse, along which Don picked his way, and guided the blind man's faltering steps as well as he could.

"Here's Mrs. Clack's," he said, cheerfully, as they reached the last buildings, an old two-stalled stable and a coach-house adjoining. The narrow staircase to the rooms above, built to admit one person only, was hung with an odd collection of clothing of all sizes and kinds. A glimmer of gaslight, no stronger than that of a rush candle, cast a dim and doubtful gloom upon them; and Dot clung with both arms around Don's neck as he carried her carefully upstairs.

"Mrs. Clack," he said, tapping softly at a door that stood ajar, and speaking in a persuasive voice: "I've brought you a little gel—a good, pretty little gel as you'll be very fond of, I know; and her name's Dot. Dot and Don, you know. You've got lots of clothes that'll fit her, and I'll work harder than ever. And, Mrs. Clack," he went on, still more persuasively, "I've brought you her grandfather, a blind fiddler, that 'll get, oh! lots o' money by fiddlin' in the quiet streets, if you happen to have got such a thing as a fiddle in the stores."

By this time Mrs. Clack had lit the gas in her room, and came to

the door. She was a small, spare old woman, with a wrinkled face, still keeping a rosy tinge, as if she had lived most of her younger years in the fresh air and sunshine of the country. In the room behind her there was no portion of the walls to be seen for the numerous articles of clothing which hung upon them; whilst the four posts of Mrs. Clack's bed were clothed from head to foot in full walking-dress, as if they were so many persons about to set out at once into the streets. In the dim light the room looked full of tenants, though Mrs. Clack was living in it alone.

"Brought me a little girl, Don!" she exclaimed, "and a man, Don! I wouldn't have minded a little girl; but whatever are we to do with a man? Oh, Don! you know I can't abide to have aught to do with men. They cost so much, and they're so wasteful and masterful. I have kept clear of 'em all these years, and now you've brought one of 'em to my very door-sill. I'd rather you'd brought me ten dogs than one man. Dear, dear, I can't abide a man!"

"Mrs. Clack," said Don, mournfully, "you know I'm bound to grow up into a man. I couldn't be turned into a woman, nohow. And he's very old, and blind; and he's hungry and cold, and his own daughter's run away and forsook him, and I couldn't leave him and Dot to be froze to death in the Gardens, could I? Bless you! it won't cost you nothin' just to give him a lodgin' for a little while, till he can turn hisself round. Only look how old he is! Scarcely like a man, you know. He won't be drinkin' and smokin' and wastin' money. I told him you were the cleverest woman in London, and he must come and talk with you. Won't you just let him come in, and let's talk it over?"

The voices of Don and Mrs. Clack sounded in old Lister's ears like some indistinct buzzing. He stood tottering behind Dot and Don, shivering with hunger and cold and bewilderment, and as Mrs. Clack looked at him, he stretched out his shaking hands to her.

"Don't let me die like a dog!" he cried.

"No, no, no!" answered Mrs. Clack, "poor old creature! Come along here. I couldn't turn him away, Don, though he is a man, poor fellow! Come in, and we'll do the best we can for to-night."

CHAPTER III.—A LONG NIGHT.

When Hagar gained the main road, and was lost in the stream of busy traffic, she went on her way mechanically, with swift steps, seeing none of the many faces she met, and hearing nothing of all the stir and noise about her. She had sunk into so profound a depth of wretchedness that she was conscious of nothing but her own misery. She had tasted no food since the night before, but she did not know she was hungry and faint. The slush of the muddy pavement was oozing through her worn-out boots, and the drizzling of the November evening penetrated through the thin, dirty shawl she had crossed tightly over the baby, who was sleeping on her bosom. But Hagar did not say to herself that she was wet through and cold. There was no shelter for her from the coming night, but she did not think of that. A blank despair, heavy and thick as the leaden clouds that hid the sky, hemmed her in on every side, and she felt only a vague, unbroken sense of desolation. A faint, half-sleeping sob from the baby she was carrying was the first sound that brought her back to her present misery. She pressed it a little closer to her bosom, and her other hand fell down by her side, as if to catch hold of Dot's, whilst, almost against her will, she turned her head to see if she was anywhere near. She knew her child could not be pattering beside her, for she had not forgotten what she had just done. The image of her old father, blind and helpless, standing still under the trees, and of Dot running away to play at her own bidding, remained in her brain, and she could not get rid of it. By this time she had wandered a good way from Kensington Gardens, and had lost herself in a knot of streets; but quite clearly she seemed to see the tall, bare trees, scattering heavy drops of rain from their wet branches, and the old man and little child forsaken and wretched among them.

THE SWELLED TRUNK PALM—*Iriartea Ventricosa Mart.*

Hagar ventured to sit down to rest now and then in the quiet streets, and on the steps of some empty house, where she could remain undisturbed. Once she fell asleep. How long she slept she could not tell; but the baby's cries awoke her—those shrill cries of suffering which pierce a mother's heart. It was almost impossible to soothe the little creature, and by the time it was slumbering again she was herself wide awake, and more keenly sensitive to her black despair. Yet she knew she must not sit there all night; so she bestirred herself, stretched her aching and stiffened limbs, and set out again on her aimless wanderings with creeping footsteps; moving simply to keep life in her veins, for she had no home to go to, and knew of no shelter to seek.

If her father and Dot had been with her, she would have gone to the workhouse for their sakes; but for her own she did not care to go, nor for the baby's, who would perish with her, if she perished. It would not be a bad thing to die, she thought, if she could die peacefully in a bed, with quiet, gentle people about her, as her husband had died six months ago. But to freeze on some doorstep, or be carried away at the last moment to some hospital, amid strangers; that was hard! It would be dying like a dog, as her father so often said.

At length she found herself again in the high road, and close by Hyde Park, where it joins Kensington Gardens. There were lamps everywhere in the Park; but the Gardens were unlighted and locked up. She crept slowly along the broad drive, looking over to the black masses of the trees beyond the sunk fence. It was possible that her father and Dot were still in there, crouching asleep under some of those trees, or stumbling to and fro amidst those black shadows. They might not have been seen by the policeman, in the quiet, unfrequented path where she had left them. She made her way over the wet grass, and called softly across the sunk fence. There were but few carriages, and still fewer foot-passengers, along the broad drive, and no policeman was in sight. Hagar dragged herself along by the edge of the Gardens, searching the thick darkness with her eyes, and straining her ears for some answer to her low, frightened call. Ah! if she could but hear their voices calling back to her!

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SWELLED TRUNK PALM.

The lower part of the trunk of this peculiar palm tree is swelled and supported from seven to nine feet above the ground by a number of radiating and inclined roots. These roots shoot out from the tree during the rainy season, and support it without aid from the main root, which finally disappears. The leaves are from ten to fourteen feet long. This tree is found on the banks of the Amazon. The illustration is copied from *La Vie Végétale.*

THE GREATEST friend of Truth is Time.—*Butler.*

The Family Circle.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS.

A PARABLE.

Unto the margin of the flowing river
The Eastern shepherd leads his timid sheep:
He calls them on, but they stand still and shiver;
To them the stream seems wide and swift and deep.

He calls them on, but they in fear are standing;
He calls them on, but on they dare not go;
They heed not now the voice of his commanding,
They only heed the river's fearful flow.

Then from the side of one protecting mother
A lamb the shepherd takes unto his breast;
And then he gently bends and takes another,
And in his arms the two lambs lie at rest.

They lie at rest, and, as he close enfolds them,
He bears them safely o'er the river wide,
The little lambs know well the arm that holds them,
They nestle warmly and are satisfied.

Then the fond mothers with maternal longing
Look on beyond that river's fearful flow;
They can but follow, and, behind them thronging,
Their fleecy comrades are in haste to go.

Drawn by a love stronger than any shrinking,
Their lambs they follow o'er the flowing tide;
They heed not now the swimming or the sinking,
They brave the stream and reach the further side.

And while their tender shepherd kindly feeds them
They think no longer upon what hath been;
He gives them back their lambs, and then he leads them
By the still waters, through the pastures green.

So shall it be with you, O weeping mother,
Whose lamb the Lord has taken from your sight:
'Tis He hath done it, He and not another;
Your lambs lie in His arms clasped close and tight.

Across the stream your little one is taken
That you may fear no more the quick, dark flow;
But that, with steadfast heart and faith unshaken,
You may be ready after it to go.

This is the tender Shepherd's loving pleasure,
To bless at once the little lamb and you;
He knows that when with Him is your best treasure,
There fixed forever will your heart be too.

J. A. NOBLE.

—*From Sunday at Home.*

"A FLAT."

A COLLEGE STORY.

Arthur Hoyt looked at himself in the glass seriously, and without self-love or self-prejudice. He saw there a frank, good-natured face, a pair of blue eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair. As far as he could judge, there was nothing particularly out of the way with his countenance.

"Say, Dick," he began, to his roommate, who was puzzling over a page of Xenophon, "I've been taking account of stock, and I don't see anything unpardonably wrong about my features. They are not angular enough to be called sharp, nor level enough to be justly styled flat; so I can't exactly see the suitableness of the expression which has somehow come to be my college cognomen."

"Don t be a fool!" growled Dick, without looking up from his book.

"I have always been a great stickler for the fitness of things, eternal and temporal," continued Arthur; "and if to be 'A flat' is really applicable as a correct description of the impression my personal appearance makes on my companions, all right!—I'd as soon respond to that name as any other; but if it's not mine, then, old fellow, it's got to be stopped."

"If you'd rob hen-roosts, and steal the housekeeper's preserves, and lay traps to trip up old men and women, and raise Cain generally, you'd be the most popular fellow in college," said Dick, with a disdainful grimace, still with his eyes fixed on his book. "They let me alone, ye see, because I don't care for 'em, and because they know I'm as poor as poverty, and as dull as a hard-shell clam. You get ahead of 'em in class. I'm always in the rear. You have money to subscribe to everything there is going, and you refuse to spend it in riotous living. I haven't any money, and therefore I'm of no consequence. Whoever says that there isn't compensation for everything don't know what they are talking about."

"You're a patient old soldier," said Arthur, with a merry laugh, "and I wish I had some of your philosophy! But, the fact is, everytime I'm called 'A flat,' I feel the fight tingling all over me. I am afraid that sometime my fists will become unmanageable."

"I guess not!" Dick replied. "You'd only get yourself in a worse muss, besides having something to be sorry for all the days of your life, perhaps! But there's the bell, and I'm all out of the bolt-ropes, as usual."

"There's a row in camp!" said Arthur's right-hand neighbor, as the young men took their seats in class. "Some of the boys scared old Mrs. Allen into a fit last night, and they say it's a 'liner.' Nobody thinks she'll pull through. One of the fellows dressed up in white, and rode the old woman's cow clear into the kitchen. They let out the pig, and stoned the house, and broke her windows, and goodness knows what they didn't do. There won't be any show for the boys that cut up those capers."

"Well, there oughtn't to be!" said Arthur indignantly.

Just then the Greek professor entered the class-room, and after surveying the students a moment, said, with great seriousness,

"I am requested by the President to say to Arthur Hoyt and Richard Denham that they are to repair at once to the library, where the Faculty wait to see them."

"All right, sir," responded Arthur, pleasantly. Conscious integrity made him bold. Dick arose slowly, and walked out in his usual dogged manner.

"Say, 'A flat,' you're in for it!" said one of the class, in a low tone, as the young man passed him. "Your turn has come now 'A flat!'" said another. "Mebbe you won't be so high and mighty now you're found out at last!"

"What do you suppose it is?" Dick enquired, as he came up with Arthur.

"Some contemptible trick of the boys," said Arthur; "but we shall soon know. Brace up, old fellow, for here we are."

A few words sufficed to put the visitors in possession of all they wanted to know. After a few preliminary remarks, such as having been led to expect better things from the young men before him, the President produced a large silk handkerchief with "Arthur Hoyt" plainly marked in one corner.

"Does this belong to you, Hoyt?" the President enquired.

"It does, sir," replied Arthur, pleasantly.

"And is this yours?" the gentleman asked of Dick, presenting a crooked stick, or cane, which the young man was accustomed to carry on long walks.

"That's mine, sir," said Dick.

"And here is a cuff with 'A. Hoyt' marked on it," the President continued, "torn from the wrist probably in the pleasant excitement of frightening an innocent old woman into a fit. I shall be compelled to hold your property, sirs, until such time as the law of the college, or the law of the State, shall be passed upon you. Mrs. Allen is not expected to live."

"I am very sorry, sir," said Arthur, respectfully, "and I am sure Dick is, too; but what sort of justice is this that takes our guilt so entirely for granted? Your evidence is simply circumstantial, sir, and I wish to say here that I was never on Mrs. Allen's premises in my life, and I am quite sure Denham never was."

"I never was," said Dick, with characteristic doggedness, "and I never expect to be."

"What would you say, Hoyt, if I were to tell you that one of the professors saw you there last night?" enquired the President.

"I should say, sir," Arthur responded, quickly, "that the professor was greatly mistaken; but if you were to tell me that one of the students saw me there, I should say that student lied."

There was a straightforwardness in the attitude of these suspected young men that was irresistible, still everything was against them. The old woman had testified that morning that she had heard the names of Hoyt and Denham pronounced more than once the night before. The conspiracy was well arranged, nothing, so far as known, having been left out in its calculation. Arthur was in his room alone all the previous evening, but, as he thought it over, there was absolutely no one to testify to this fact. Dick had taken one of his long walks into the country, returning at ten o'clock. There was no way of proving this, either, for Dick had not spoken to a soul, and there was literally no way by which he could prove an alibi. Nothing more could be said at present, and Arthur and his chum withdrew and passed slowly along to their room, as the President had ordered. On their way they met several students, who, it was plain to be seen, were waiting for them to leave the library.

"You can't most always tell a flat from a sharp," said one of the number, a young man who had been particularly offensive in his manner to Arthur. "We have all been mistaken in your character, my boy. I take notice that when these goody-goody fellows do take it into their soft pates to cut up, they generally beat the rest of us all hollow in the meanness of their efforts."

Arthur's face was scarlet, and his hands worked nervously. He was full of desire to knock this fellow down, and, under the exasperating circumstances, it was hardly to be wondered at; but the young man had been trained in a different school, so he valiantly turned on his heel and left his enemy without a word. "Valiantly" is the proper term to describe Arthur Hoyt's behavior in this crisis. It would have taken physical strength only—and Arthur had plenty of that—to have flogged Steve Cary, the young man who had just publicly insulted him, but it required real valor to turn away without either word or blow. That afternoon the tidings of the death of Mrs. Allen threw the college into terrible excitement. Officers were promptly on hand, and Arthur and Dick were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. The coroner's jury would convene the next morning, and until then, at any rate, the two young men were prisoners. The detective who had charge of them was a good-natured fellow, and after asking all sorts of questions, relevant and irrelevant, as it seemed to his companions, he finally said with a chuckle,—

"They may be pretty smart up here in this college, but they've got the wrong pigs by the ears this time. Say, boys, come out for a walk! I can keep an eye on you just as well out doors as in the house, and mebbe it'll chirk you up a bit."

So out they went, the detective asking all sorts of questions, it seemed to his companions for no other purpose than to make conversation. As they drew near the lake, a large and very deep sheet of water, Arthur saw that Cary was out in his—Arthur's—tiny, shallow shell of a boat.

"He'll have to be more careful, or he'll upset, as sure as fate!" said Arthur, more to himself than to those about him.

"'Twould be a pity to have him drown now!" growled Dick. "Great heavens! there he goes!"

Arthur, who had been watching the boat and its occupant, threw off his coat and boots, and, before the detective could lay a hand on him, he had plunged into the water, and was making with all his might for the drowning man. Cary could not swim, and when Arthur reached him he had come to the surface the second time. It required almost superhuman strength to bring him in, but the brave swimmer succeeded, and for a moment Arthur lay panting and exhausted beside the inanimate form he had snatched from the water. A half an hour later, the still unconscious young man was borne to the college. Arthur, forgetting that he was a prisoner, did all in his power toward his enemy's restoration. As they removed his coat, a large Russia-leather pocket book dropped to the floor and this Arthur took into his own possession.

"You had better change your clothes at once, Hoyt," a kind voice said, after all had been done. Arthur turned and saw the President.

"All right, sir," said the young man, presenting Cary's pocketbook. "I was afraid this might fall into improper hands, sir. It seems very full of papers."

"I hope I haven't wronged you," said the President, with considerable feeling.

"Rather hope that you have sir," said Arthur, with a smile; "if you have wronged us, then we are innocent, you know; but whatever the result, I shall always feel that you have acted according to your best judgment."

That evening, as Arthur, Dick and the detective sat in their room, waiting for they knew not what, a knock on the door was followed by the entrance of the President.

"Officer," he said, with trembling voice, "you can go to the parlor, if you please. These young men are not guilty, therefore they require no guard."

"I knew that afore," said the detective, as he hastily left the room.

"The pocketbook you gave me, Arthur" the President began; "has solved the mystery. There was but one student engaged in the miserable affair, and he has passed to his account," he continued, reverently. "He was joined by some young men from the city—what young men we shall probably never find out. I should have been more careful, boys," and now the tears rolled down the good man's face. "I have cleared your name before the whole college, and that is all I can do. Even with poor Cary dead upstairs, your friends and your enemies joined in a hearty cheer of good-will when I told them what I thought necessary."

Somehow it came to pass from that day till the day Arthur Hoyt left college he was never again called "A flat."—*Eleanor Kirk, in Christian Union.*

THE WISE CHOICE.

An ancient philosopher classified all things about him into those things which concerned him and those which did not concern him. To the first he gave his thought, his time, his heart, his hand. He admitted them into his life. From the latter he conscientiously withheld himself. He could afford to spend no time upon them. A little thought will show any one that a wisely-ordered life must always maintain and resolutely observe a similar classification. It is not enough to divide all things into right and wrong and admit all the right. There are many things, not sinful in themselves, that we cannot afford to take up into our life. The fittest only ought to be selected, and the fittest for one are not so for another.

This thought may be made more practical by applying it more closely and definitely. No one can read more than a very small proportion of the books in the world. How shall we decide what to read. Some, in their busy life, cannot master more than two or three books in a year. Should they not select out of the millions the two or three very choicest and best, those which will help them the most and leave the fairest touches on their lives? Out of the vast multitudes

of men and women about us we can have but a few close friends whom we can take into the innermost circles of our hearts' companions. Should we not discriminate wisely, and select for those few friends the very rarest, choicest, noblest spirits we can find? We can do but a very few out of the multitude of possible things. We may work in sand or in marble; if in sand, the first wave will sweep away every trace; if in marble, it will endure for ages. Or, we may work on human life, and it will stand for eternity. Should there not be decisive selection as to the material on which we shall work and the things to which we shall put our hand?

Many people are perplexed as to what amusements are right and what wrong? Continually we hear young persons ask whether they can do this or that and not vitiate their standing and character as Christians. Is there not a higher test? May I wisely do anything and everything which is not absolutely sinful? Should there not be discrimination even among innocent pleasures? Is not the influence of some amusements more refining and improving than that of others? Or, have I time to spare at all for amusements? A young man recently complained that he could get no time for reading, as he had to work all day, and there were social engagements every evening. Can he afford to spend all his evenings at clubs and parties? If he is wise is he not bound to elect for himself that occupation of his spare hours which shall best help to fit him for manhood's work?

In passing through a magnificent bazar a gentleman remarked, "I am amazed to see how few of these things I need." It is so in this great, busy world. Of the million things about us there are but a few that really concern us, that are really essential to our life's happiness and success. Many of them are positively deleterious in their influence, and will work harm if admitted. It is but the smallest number that we can afford, in our brief stay here, to take up or to spend time upon.

Hence our whole life, to be wisely ordered, ought to be one of deliberate, conscious, well-considered discrimination and careful, thoughtful selection. The few things it is possible for us to take up should be chosen conscientiously from the mass, and should be those which will most enrich our own lives and leave the most beneficent and far-reaching influences on others, and which shall appear to have been the truest, fittest, and best when looked back upon from the eternal shores.—*The Rev. J. R. Miller, in Christian Weekly.*

"BECAUSE MAMMA TOLD ME SO."

Grandpa sat with bowed head and heart crushed by the great sorrow which had fallen upon him. from under whose weight he seemed unable to rise. The one who had walked close at his side for so many years, sharing with him all his joys and sorrows, was gone. Their life together had been a beautiful living-out of the vows they had made together long ago, kneeling before God, at the altar, when they promised to take each other "for better for worse" "till death should part," and now—death had come and separated wife and husband, and in the first bitterness of his grief, grandpa could not look beyond this parting.

His son came in to sit with him one evening, bringing with him his little four-year-old daughter. "It is two weeks to-night since mother died, father," he said; then as if he would do something to comfort his father, for words failed him, he put his little one down in her grandfather's arms.

"What did you say, papa?" she asked.

"I said it was two weeks to-night since your grandma died, dear."

The child looked up with surprised face at her father. "Why, papa," she said, "grandma isn't dead; my grandma is in heaven with God; I know she is, because mamma told me so."

Was it an angel speaking? For the first time since his loss grandpa felt comforted; he said nothing only held the child close, close. She believed because her mother had told her. What had his Heavenly Father told him?—comforting words, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Did he believe his Father? Then why did he mourn as one without hope? Then he prayed "Father, I do believe, forgive my unbelief." His Heavenly Father had been standing by his side all the time, weeping with him at the grave of his loved one; but he had not seen Him, for he had been looking all the time only at the grave. But that pitying Father had seen that His child's eyes had been blinded by the bitter tears, and so had sent a little child to lead him to Himself.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

There is a great deal of crystallized wisdom in the proverbs of every nation, the accumulations of centuries of observation; but we think in few is there more to be found than in the brief saying that "it is ill waiting for dead men's shoes"

How few feet do those shoes fit! How few feet, after years of waiting, get the shoes, anyway! how few ever walk in them with ease after they do get them! and in half of the cases, by the time they get them, with how many is the power of locomotion, to carry out the parable, about lost!

One is sometimes almost tempted to ask who ever gained anything by the expectation of a legacy? The young heir who awaits his father's death, and in the meantime discounts the event with debts, would, it is to be presumed, have been much better off by the time of his father's death had he known from boyhood that death was not to enrich him by a penny. Every energy he had would then have been put forward to improve his affairs, to secure his future, and naturally to keep himself in condition to enjoy that future, while too often, in the other case, the anticipation of a plenty not earned has hindered the exercise of any faculty of earning till even the power to earn is hampered, and the habit of debt has demoralized. Of course it is not impossible that the heir in expectancy may have cherished every virtue during the period of his waiting; may have run up no indebtedness; may have retained and used every faculty and power; may be ready for the benefaction if it comes, and can do without it if it does not; but he is to be considered rather remarkable and an exceptional case on the whole, if he has done so, for the tendency of all the circumstances is not in his favor. And what if at last the expectant legatee is disappointed? Who can describe the misery of such a situation, in the annihilation of hope, the bitterness of shame, and the ruin of every prospect?

It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes, indeed. If the patient waiter is no loser, to quote another proverb, yet something else is gained that had better be dispensed with—some ignoble quality, some sordid soil. Some bloom, too, is rubbed from the spirit, if some weight is added to the purse; one is less noble, even if one has never sacrificed honor or proper pride and self-respect, or endured present humiliation for the sake of future reward, all on account, simply, of having waited. How much nobler is any poverty than any wealth so gained! How much nobler has the nature grown, at any given period, that has discarded thought or hope of such gain, and has bent every endeavor to its own fit development, and has made use of its own opportunities irrespective of expectation or avaricious longing! how much freer and finer is the gait at which one's progress marches than can be seen in those who walk the difficult way trodden in the waiting for dead men's shoes!—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

Eli Whitney was a New England boy who went south to teach just after the Revolution. A company of Georgia planters met one day at the hospitable mansion where he made his home. They were talking of the great amount of labor required to separate their cotton from the seed, and wondering if it could not be done by machinery At length Mrs. General Greene remarked, "Apply to my young friend Mr. Whitney. He can make anything." His ingenuity and skill in the use of tools were well known to all the household. Mr. Whitney had then never seen a cotton boll, never thought of a machine to work it, but from that day he set himself diligently to the study. All the world knows how he succeeded. Few words in the world have ever had greater commercial weight than that casual remark of this lady. It planted vast new fields with cotton, piled the wharves with bales, built fleets of merchant ships, and lines of railway to transport it; it set in motion myriads of spindles and looms, and laid the foundation for a lasting prosperity. The fountain was perennial. One has estimated that its worth to the South alone was over a thousand millions of dollars.

But there have been words spoken fraught with far greater importance. One earnest entreaty has often awakened a soul and led it to Christ. That soul was worth more than all the cotten ever raised. It may have been a Cary, a Judson, a Moody, and who can compute the influence that will roll on from those words to the judgment hour?

All our words have a weight more or less, even the most thoughtless, and it is a solemn thought that we must meet those idle words again. The right words we shall be glad to meet, and glad to trace out their influence. No doubt there will be many surprises of this kind to rejoice the heart of very humble workers when they reach home.

We may add to the weight of our words by the spirit in which they are spoken. Earnest love for Christ and souls will make them words of power.—*American Messenger.*

NINETY-FOUR PER CENT.

A well known clergyman in a New England city, in preparing a talk to the boys of his congregation on conditions of success, lately addressed a circular letter of enquiry to the men at the head of affairs in that city, with special reference to their early opportunities in life. He found that seventy-nine per cent. of them had the training of New England farm life; and that nearly all of them, whether city boys or country boys, had the discipline of poverty and hard work. These early lessons gave them strength and persistence soon to outstrip their more favored fellows in the race; and the gap between the helped and the helpers grew wider all the time. Of those, on the other hand, who had all the advantages at the start, by far the greater part soon fell behind. Out of eighty-eight names, only five were of this class. The moral of these figures was thus strongly enforced by the preacher: "Ninety-four and one-half per cent. of the men from whom we have heard were hard-working boys. They did not come from rich families anywhere. If we found the sons of such men here, who had come from other cities, we might think those raised in Springfield are in similar positions in other places. As we do not, we must believe that a very small number of this class are in leading positions anywhere. They are either occupying subordinate places to-day, or else they have gone to ruin. Why did they fall behind? Not because the farmers' boys are smarter or morally superior to them, but because they were not trained when young to work. Genius is, for the most part, a humbug. The prizes are carried off by those who know how to work,—those who prove that it is possible to accomplish a long, difficult, and disagreeable task by keeping at it until it is done. A farmer's boy has a good chance to learn the lesson of perseverance and steadiness. Anybody who has learned that lesson well has good promise for the future."

A firm and unyielding moral fibre is everywhere the essential of success; and that fibre does not develop in effeminacy, any more than physical strength grows in idleness and gluttony. The person that is over-helped is like the animal that is over-fed; he may possibly gain in size, but not in power for great works. It is a great art to utilize help without abusing it; to assimilate it without losing moral independence and personal ambition. But a person who never knows what it is to struggle, who is helped in all his efforts, whether financial or intellectual, is in a dangerous position. Once in a while such a person is afterwards made manly by some great occasion; but he is more likely to be swept away by it. To the rule that all great work must come from within, must embody individual effort and personal self-reliance, there is absolutely no exception. Do not spend unavailing hours in contemplating the meagreness of your own means for work, and the wealth of the advantages enjoyed by others; but resolutely determine to do what you can with what you have. If your heart is of the right sort, you would be more hurt by too much help than by too little.—*S. S. Times.*

ANY MINISTER renders his people a good service who is the means of putting into their homes a good literature. There are some families whose members need no help in this direction, but they are rare. Most men and women are busy with every-day affairs; they have little time to investigate literature, less opportunity, and even less skill. I am surprised, in casual calls, to see what sort of books get into homes of even very considerable wealth and culture, Shoddy books have the start of those which possess real merit. Most men buy books, necessarily, on the recommendation of those that are wiser than they. The minister is supposed to have both leisure and culture to investigate the merits of books if he has an opportunity to see them. The minister that takes or makes the time, and, by a wise discrimination, helps to put good newspapers and good books into the homes of his parish, renders them a legitimate and an important service.—*Laicus, in Christian Union.*

Question Corner.—No. 24.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

277. Who succeeded Saul as king?
278. Who was his father, and to what tribe did he belong?
279. Where was he first anointed by Samuel?
280. What was David's first appearance at court?
281. What nation made war against Israel soon after the first anointing of David?
282. Why did David leave tending his sheep to go to the camp?
283. Who was Goliath?
284. Where did David go after the close of the battle?
285. Whom did David marry while he was at the court of Saul?
286. How did David escape after Saul tried the second time to kill him with a javelin?
287. To what place and to whom did he flee to escape Saul?
288. When Saul pursued him there where did he next go?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 22.

253. Because the Lord gave the Israelites the victory over the Philistines, 1 Sam. vii. 12.
254. Because of the wickedness of the sons of Samuel, and because they wanted to be like the other nations.
255. "Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me." 1 Sam. viii. 7.
256. Saul, the son of Kish, 1 Sam x. 1.
257. The tribe of Benjamin, 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.
258. See 1 Sam. x. 2, 6.
259. In Mizpah, 1 Sam. x. 17, 24.
260. East of Jordan, a little north of the Jabbock.
261. The defeating of the Ammonites when they came up against Jabesh-gilead, 1 Sam xi. 1, 11.
262. The Philistines, 1 Sam. xiii. 3.
263. Jonathan, 1 Sam. xiii. 2.
264. In Michmash, 1 Sam. xiii. 5.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Morning star.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 22.—Andrew Hill, 17; Sallie M. Gay, Kate O. Kimball, 10; Julia Smith, 11; William E. Wickham, 9; Harry E. Gowen, 12 sc; A. A. Wilson, 12.

To No. 21.—A. A. Wilson, 11 sc, Duncan Matheson, 8; Andrew Hill, 12; John Truman, 11 sc; J. D. Greyson, 11 sc.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XLVII.

DECEMBER 21.]

THE LAST WORDS.—Rev. 22: 10-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 17-21.

10. And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

11. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12. And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16. I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

17. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

18. For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.

19. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

20. He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

21. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.—Rev. 22: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Bible ends as it begins—grace and glory.

THE CONNECTION.—With this lesson the Bible-history closes. It contains the last prophecy, vs. 12-15; the last invitation and warning; the previous part of the book having given an account of the end of the world, the judgment, and the new heavens and the new earth.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE FINAL CONDITION. (II.) THE FINAL INVITATION. (III.) THE FINAL WARNING.

I. THE FINAL CONDITION. (10.) SEAL NOT. Isaiah and Daniel were ordered to seal their prophecies, Is. 8: 16, Dan. 12: 4, 9; but John was to leave his open for the comfort of persecuted saints, and because THE TIME WAS AT HAND; a part, at least, of the sayings were to be fulfilled very soon. (11.) UNJUST. There may be solemn irony in this verse; as if the time were too short almost for change. It certainly implies a fixed and unchangeable condition. (12.) QUICKLY, shortly or suddenly, unexpectedly. These words may have a double meaning, referring to Christ's coming at our death, and to his final coming, Matt. 16: 27, 28. (13.) ALPHA, the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and hence the beginning of things; OMEGA, the last letter of the Greek alphabet, and hence the end of all things. (14.) DO HIS COMMANDMENTS. See similar words of Christ, Matt. 7: 21-25. (15.) DOGS. Eastern people call all infidels "dogs," hence here it probably signifies all men lost to virtue and truth; SORCERERS, those using magic art to deceive people, and hence those in league with Satan; WHOREMONGERS, all sensual and debased persons.

II. THE FINAL INVITATION. (16.) MINE ANGEL, see Rev. 1: 1; 10: 9; THE CHURCHES, the churches of Asia, Rev. 1: 4, and to all churches; ROOT . . OFFSPRING OF DAVID, the Messiah, Is. 11: 1; Rom. 15: 12; MORNING STAR, as heralding the glorious day. (17.) BRIDE, the Church; SAY, COME, repent and come to Jesus and into this blessed state and place; HIM THAT HEARETH, he that has believed; ATHIRST, so Isaiah and Christ called to the people, Is. 55: 1; John 7: 37; WATER OF LIFE, salvation.

III. THE FINAL WARNING. (18.) TESTIFY, bear witness; ADD UNTO THESE THINGS, an awful warning to any who despise or neglect this book, or who wrongfully or triflingly interpret it; PLAGUES, this book is full of threatened plagues. (19.) WORDS . . OF THE BOOK. This seems most naturally to refer to the book of Revelation only, as the books now known as the Bible were not then collected into one book; THE BOOK OF LIFE, the best MSS. and scholars read, "tree of life;" THINGS WRITTEN, or promised in this book. (20.) QUICKLY . . AMEN, "I come quickly," (the prophet answers) "Amen; come, Lord Jesus." *(Cowles)*; GRACE, favor. Thus this wonderful book closes with a benediction.

ILLUSTRATION.—*The Celestial City.* "Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold: the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold: and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord. And after that they shut the gates; which, when I had seen I wished myself among them."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

LESSON LII.

DECEMBER 28.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever.—Jude 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is our exalted and glorified Saviour.

PLANS FOR REVIEW.

The lessons for the past twelve Sundays may be profitably reviewed under the following heads:

I. INTRODUCTORY.—1. The books studied. 2. The classes of Christians addressed. 3. The connection of the books and lessons.

II. THE TITLES, GOLDEN TEXTS AND CENTRAL TRUTHS.

III. THE LESSON TRUTHS.

1. THE OLD TYPES, Lessons 40-43.
2. THE NEW LIFE, Lessons 44-48.
3. THE HEAVENLY GLORY, Lessons 49-51.

I. INTRODUCTORY.—State when, by whom, and to whom, the following books of the Bible were written:

HEBREWS, JAMES, I PETER, II PETER, I JOHN, II JOHN, III JOHN, JUDE, REVELATION.

State what you have learned in regard to the commendations and warnings sent to the churches at the following places:

EPHESUS, SMYRNA, PERGAMOS, THYATIRA, SARDIS, PHILADELPHIA, LAODICEA.

II. RECITE THE TITLES, and Golden Texts of each lesson. State the Central Truths of the first four lessons. Of the next five lessons. Of the last three lessons.

III. THE LESSON TRUTHS.—State the three divisions of the lessons under review. The number of the lessons. From how many Bible-books are they taken? By how many persons were they written? How many of the books are by one writer? Who wrote four of the books?

1. THE OLD TYPES.—Who is now our high priest? Where is he? How was he appointed to his work? By what experience was he specially fitted to become our high priest? To what old priest-king is he likened?
Of what were the tabernacle, ark of the covenant, golden censer, cherubim and mercy seat the types?
Who has made a perfect sacrifice for us? How?
Of what is faith the substance? What reward did Enoch receive? What is said of Abel's influence? Of Noah's reward? Of the city for which Abraham looked?
Why is faith without works unprofitable? How shown?
2. THE NEW LIFE.—Through whom does our new life come? State three ways in which Jesus showed himself to be The Perfect Pattern?
In what way did Jesus prove himself to be a perfect Saviour? How may we show that we have our life in him? How may we have our sins forgiven? Who will cleanse us from our sins? Who is the source of love? Who first loved us? How did God manifest his love toward us? How may we dwell in love?
Who appeared to the Apostle John on the Lord's day? Rev. 1: 10. How is the appearance of of the Saviour described? Rev. 1: 12-16? What was the effect of the sight upon the Apostle? What was he commanded to write?
Against how many things was the church in Sardis warned? How encouraged at the close of the warnings? How was the church in Philadelphia encouraged?
3. THE HEAVENLY GLORY.—In whose hand was the book with seven seals? Why did John weep? How was he comforted? Who opened the book? What song was sung?
Whither was John carried? Rev. 21: 10. How? What did he see descending out of heaven? How many gates had the city? Of what made? Who was the light and temple of it? Who walked in its light? Who could enter the city? Who could not enter? What river and tree were there? What did the people do there?
What was John not to do with the book? Rev. 22: 10. What is said of the unjust and just? Who will come quickly? Who go into the city? Who be kept out of it? What final invitation is given? How does the Bible close?

VOLUNTEERS.

A REGIMENT TO BE RAISED AMONGST THE YOUNG READERS OF THE "MESSENGER."

We want to raise a regiment amongst the young readers of the MESSENGER. Like all regiments it is to have various ranks—privates, corporals, sergeants, ensigns, lieutenants, captains, and other officers. Should the regiment become too large we may have to form several regiments, and then it will be an army with a general and several colonels. This army is not to be like those that go forth to kill and destroy, but to do good; it will not be confined to any one country, but be a universal one, drawing recruits from Canada, the United States, England, and perhaps China, Japan and Australia. Unlike other armies, we want the younger soldiers to be the officers, and, the greatest innovation, we want the ladies and little and big girls to do some of the fighting! We will allow anybody who likes to enlist to be a private, but we expect all our soldiers to be abstainers from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. This army is like the other ones, in that promotion is gained by good service and good conduct. Our good service is to be work. When any member of this volunteer army gains two new subscribers to the MESSENGER he will be promoted to corporal, and be sent a New Testament. If he should gain four new subscribers, he will be made a sergeant and be presented with a beautiful pyramid inkstand. The next highest office is an ensign, which may be gained by obtaining five subscribers, when he will be presented with a portrait of the Marquis of Lorne or the Princess Louise. A lieutenant must obtain ten subscribers, when he will be entitled to the two pictures or one of Queen Victoria. These pictures all the soldiers of any country will desire, as they are of persons whom those of all nations honor themselves by honoring. A captain must raise a company of twenty to obtain his beautiful pocket Bible, or any prize of the same value he may choose.

Now who will join this army of workers, and who will be its officers? Many of those who lead in it though young to-day will be the leaders of the people. There may be several presidents of the United States among them, and Canadian premiers and Cabinet Ministers and members of Parliament and of Congress. We would like the future ministers, statesmen, engineers, capitalists, mechanics, inventors and all who will hereafter be engaged in useful employments to be officers in this regiment. Who will enlist, and who will become recruiting sergeants and officers in this regiment?

THE *WITNESS*.

Your valuable paper is much thought of here for its genuine usefulness and instructive reading. R. S., Oxford, O.

We have taken your WEEKLY in our family this last eight years. We feel as if we could not do without it.

MRS. E. TAPSCOTT, Port Hope, O.

I am a subscriber to the WITNESS and prize it highly. N. C. BALDWIN.
Stephenville, Erath Co., Texas.

I think that it is the best paper in the Dominion. WILLIAM CAMPBELL.
Bayfield, O.

THE *MESSENGER*.

I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter and also the MESSENGERS. I like them very much, and believe they will please the Sunday-school much better than any we ever saw.

J. H. RAGSDALE.
Fort Scott, Kansas, U. S.

We all read the MESSENGER with interest and recommend it to our friends.

M. A. WILBY, Victoria, B. C.

We take the MESSENGER and call it a most excellent paper and very cheap.

MRS. J. F. PLATTS.
Wilson's Crossing, N. H., U. S.

The Sunday-school children are delighted with it. A. W. BLANCHOE,
Greenbush, O.

I have taken the NORTHERN MESSENGER for three years, and intend not to do without it as long as I live. It is the best paper I have ever taken. L. A. BELYEA.
Belyea's Cove, Queen's Co., N. B.

AN OPINION OF THE PORTRAITS.

GRANVILLE FERRY, Nov. 21st, 1879.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:—

GENTLEMEN,—The portrait of the Princess Louise, your letter and package of specimen papers were received all right. I am very much pleased with the portrait, which is got up on a beautiful card and nicely finished. I would recommend all your subscribers to make an effort to obtain it. The first MESSENGERS coming to Granville Ferry were addressed to me, and the first WITNESS also was taken in the family eight years ago. The longer we take it the more it is valued. Now, nearly every family for a considerable distance takes some of your papers. Hoping that your sphere of usefulness may continue to widen, I remain

Yours truly
WHITMAN ARMSTRONG.

OUR PRIZES.

We have other prizes in addition to the ones mentioned under the heading "volunteers." Any one desiring a full list may have it on application to the publishers. All the prizes given last year will be given this year as well, besides several new ones; so that all our last year's competitors will know just what to work for. At the time of writing the following note about one of the favorite prizes just came to hand:

DEAR SIR,—I received the premium ring on the 14th of this month. I am well pleased with the ring. It is even more beautiful than I expected it would be. I live in the Township of Tecumseth, but my post-office is Bond Head.

Yours respectfully
CATHERINE MOORE.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER" when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may gradually be built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette*.—Sold only in packets labelled—"James Epps & Co. Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

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